In Recital

Krista Shackleford, flute
Lindsey Sikora, mezzo-soprano

assisted by
Donna Noton and **Janna Olson, piano**

Saturday, June 22, 2002 at 8:00pm

Arts Building
University of Alberta

Program

Lindsey Sikora and Janna Olson

From *Magnificat* — Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)
Et exultavit

From *Rinaldo* — George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)
Cara Sposa

From *Orfeo ed Euridice (*1762) — Christoph Willibald von Gluck
Che faro senza Euridice?

Krista Shackleford and Donna Noton

Fantaisie(1913) — Georges Hue (1858-1948)

Lindsey Sikora and Janna Olson

Fruhlingsglaube — Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Lachen und Weinen
Allerseelen — Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Krista Shackleford and Donna Noton

The Little Fawn — Rick Benson
Poem (1922) — Charles T. Griffes

Intermission

Lindsey Sikora and Janna Olson

Mandoline — Gabriel Faure (1845-1924)
Chanson d'amour

Krista Shackleford and Donna Noton

Sonate pour Flute et Piano(1957) — Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

i. Allegretto malincolico
ii. Cantilena
iii. Presto gio

Lindsey Sikora and Janna Olson

From *Mignon* — Ambroise Thomas (1811-1896)
Connais-tu le pays

Non so piu cosa son — Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Krista Shackleford and Donna Noton

Sonata (1951) — Boushlav Martinu

i. Allegro moderato
ii. Adagio
iii. Allegro poco moderato

Translation

Et exultavit/And Rejoiced
And my spirit hath rejoiced
In God my Saviour

Cara Sposa/ Dear Beloved
Dear beloved
Lovely dear
Oh! Return to my crying self.
On your Erebo's altar
I face you, I challege you,I defy you,
Oh evil spirit.

Lascia ch'io pianga/Leave me that I cry
Pitiless Armida! With fiendish force
You have abducted me from the blessed Heaven, from my happiness,
And here, in eternal pain, you hold me alive, tormented in Hell.
Leave me that I cry.
Let me weep my cruel fate,
And let me breathe freedom!
Let sorrow break these chains
Of my sufferings, for pity's sake.

Che faro senza Euridice?/What will I do without Euridice
What will I do without Euridice?
Where will I go without my beloved?
What will I do? Where will I go?
What will I do without my beloved?
Euridice! Oh God! Answer!
I am still you faithful one.
Ah, no more help, no more hope
for me comes forth
from earth, nor from heaven!

Fruhlingsglaube/Faith in spring
The mild breezes are awake,
They rustle and stir by day and night,
They are at work everywhere;
O fresh scent, o new sound!
Now, poor heart, be not afraid,
Now everything must change.
The world grows lovelier every day,
One cannot tell what yet may happen;
The flowering will not end;
The farthest, deepest valley blooms,
Now, poor heart, forget you pain!
Now everything must change.

Lachen und Weinen/Laughter and Tears
Laughter and tears
At all hours
Can have so many causes
When one is in love.
In the morning I laughed with pleasure,
And why I now weep
In the evening light,
I myself do not know.
Tears and laughter
At all hours
Can have so many causes
When one is in love.
In the evening I was weeping with grief;
And how can you wake
In the morning with laughter,
I must ask you, my heart!

F Ruckert

Allerseelen/All Souls' Day
Place on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
Bring here the last of red asters,
And let us speak again of love,
As long ago in May.
Give me the hand that I may secretly clasp it,
And if it is observed by others, I will not mind;
Give me one of your sweet glances,
As long ago in May.
Today each grave is flowering and fragrant,
Once a year is All Souls' Day,-
Come to my heart that I again may have you,
As long ago in May.

Hermann von Gilm

Mandoline/Mandolin
The men who give serenades
And the lovely ladies who listen to them
Exchange insipid remarks
Under the singing branches.
It is Tircis and it is Aminte,
And it is the eternal Clitandre,
And it is Damis who for many a
Cruel woman writes many a tender poem.
Their short silken jackets,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their joy
And their soft blue shadows
Are swirling in the rapture
Of a pink and gray moon,
And the mandolin is chattering
Amidst the shiverings of the breeze.

Paul Verlaine/trans. Perry Gethner

Chanson d'amour/Song of Love
I love your eyes, I love your forehead,
O my rebellious one, o my fierce one,
I love your eyes, I love your mouth
Where my kisses will exhaust themselves.
I love your voice, I love the strange
Grace of everything you say,
O my rebellious one, o my dear angel,
My hell and my paradise!
I love everything that makes you beautiful,
From your feet to your hair,
O you, toward whom all my wishes rise up,
O my fierce one, my rebellious one!

Armand Silvestre/trans. Perry Gethner

Connais-tu le pays/Dost thou know that fair land
Dost thou know that fair land
Where the lemons bloom?
Where the oranges' gold
Lights the leafy gloom?
Where the breeze softly sighs,
And the winds gently lave
Silent myrtletrees, and high the laurels wave,
Where so radiantly calm, like blessing from on high,
Smiles an eternal spring, ever blue is the sky.
Ah, me! Wherefore may I not wander unto that happy shore?
Fain with thee I would fare!
'Tis there! 'Tis there, in love ever fonder,
I fain would live and die!
Hast thou e'er seen the house?
In its pillared walls.
They stand waiting for me!
How resplendent the halls!
And marble sculptures there
Seem to call out to me:
"Hapless maiden, return!
Thy home is here for thee!
And the shinning lake, whereon there glides along
Many a swaying boat with dancing and with song!

Non so piu cosa son/I don't know anymore what I am
I don't know anymore what I am, what i'm doing;
Now I'm made of fire, now of ice.
Every woman makes me change color;
every woman makes me tremble.
At merely the words "love," "pleasure,"
My breast becomes nervous and upset,
and a desire for love-a desire that I
can't explain-forces me to talk.
I talk about love when awake;
I talk about love when dreaming-
To the water, to the shadow, to the mountains,
To the flowers, to the grass, to the fountains,
To the echo, to the air, to the winds
Which carry away with them the sound of
my futile words.
And if I don't have someone to hear me,
I talk about love to myself.

Lorenzo da Ponte/trans. Martha Gerhart